

Over The Garden Hedge

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Over The Garden Hedge

by [Sweaty_dogman](#)

Summary

After moving away from his childhood home, Will discovers a beautiful house in the middle of a vast woods.

The gorgeous flowers and green hedge pull Will in, but the handsome stranger is what makes him stay.

But...will he stay when the stranger reveals something..not so romantic? Something Will was trying to bury?...forget?

Notes

Hello! This isn't proof read...so I'm sorry if its a little off in some places :)

Chapter One.

Living alone for the first time was something Will had imagined ever since he was little. He'd imagined the big house and all the cardboard boxes. He'd imagined the man of his dreams helping carry the boxes and ordering take-out on the first night in their new house.

However, he hadn't imagined moving all the way out to the country, alone. Will's parents had passed away a few years ago, leaving him alone in their humble little home. He'd tried keeping up on rent...tried pawning things off to pay for it. Nothing seemed to be working. Will was ready to give up. He was ready to hand himself over to the state. That was until he found a lovely home..far out in the country. It was cheap and Will had saved enough money to buy it outright.

It was suspiciously cheap, but Will couldn't afford to question it.

Within a week, he was moved in. It was a one bedroom house, small and humble like before. He quickly added sweet plants everywhere he could, adding homely touches to every room. He loved it. He especially loved the acres of forest surrounding him.

On Saturday, Will made the effort to get out of bed early and shower. He'd planned all week to go for a walk into the woods, waiting patiently for the weather to be good. Finally, Saturday has blessed him with some. The boy pulled on a small sundress before leaving, enjoying the feeling of grass against his bare feet.

God. Why hadn't Will moved into the country years ago? It was so beautiful and serene, only the noises of happy animals filling the space around him. Will got the pleasure of meeting a few squirrels and birds, even a deer as he walked through the thickets. He didn't know how much he had missed the outside world until now. Will hummed to himself as he walked, stopping in his tracks when he spotted something.

"Oh..wow!" He gasped softly, looking at the large house. It was surrounded by a high hedge, blocking Will's sights. From what he could see the house, that was pretty much a castle, it was *beautiful*. He ached to see what the hedge was hiding. Looking through the hedge wouldn't be *too* bad. Maybe no one would be home?

Will looked around before jogging over to the well-kept hedge. It was spotted with white roses, contrasting against the green leaves. With how neatly the shrubbery was, Will doubted he'd be able to find a hole to peek through. After searching for a while, Will found a small hole in the bushes where someone had cut too far - *perfect*. He sat on the soft grass, long strands tickling at his bare legs and ass, brushing against his thighs. Curiously, Will leant forward and peaked through the small hole.

He felt as though he had peeked behind the curtain separating earth and heaven.

Behind the thick bush and healthy roses, Will could see a large swimming pool, wonderful plants and... a naked man. Will swallowed thickly as his bright eyes raked over the man behind the hedge. He was tall and muscular, covered in salt and pepper hair. He was naked. *Naked*. The young man could hear his heart pounding and fluttering in his ears, a hot feeling flooding south. This man had his cock on full display, thick and full, hanging heavy between his legs.

It drove Will crazy. How could someone walk around naked like that...with everything hanging out. *God*. The things Will would do to get into that garden and worship this strange man's cock. He couldn't focus on the rest of the garden, not now. Everything besides the older man had melted away, blurring together, focusing on only *him*. Will's throat was both wet and dry at the same time, drool flooding his mouth.

"O-Oh *fuck!* " The young man whispered when he realised where his hand had absentmindedly wondered. Will silently thanked himself for skipping out on underwear that morning, lazily toying with his clit as he watched the man. He wasn't doing anything special, simply holding a glass of wine, sitting in a comfortable seat as his skin took in the warm sun. Was masturbating to an innocent, unknowing man bad? *Yes*. Did Will feel guilty when he pushed two slender digits inside his wanting cunt? *Not at all*.

Will pushed two digits inside himself, swallowing a sweet moan that threatened to fall from his lips. This man couldn't hear him. Will would be in fountains of trouble if he were to be caught...touching himself on what he assumed was private property. The risk, danger, only

made things more exciting. He pushed his fingers deeper, a sinfully wet noise filling the forest around him. "Hmph... *yes!*" Panted the young man, head falling back as he picked up the pace, free hand moving to apply extra stimulation. The naked stranger had moved now, bending over to retrieve a bottle of champagne from an ice bucket, ass exposed to Will's curious eyes.

Oh fuck! Seeing the man bent over like that, cock heavy and inviting between his legs, ass soft and firm...all at the same time. Will couldn't take it. Will couldn't hang on any longer, spurred to completion by his filthy thoughts. He clamped a hand over his mouth, biting down on his palm as he squirted onto the grass before him. His legs shook, body trembling as he let out little pants, falling onto his back with a bright smile.

"Thank you..." he breathed, looking up at the cloudless sky, fingers in the long grass. For his first time being alone and so far away from home, Will wasn't doing too bad.

For the next few days, Will kept himself away from the woods. Perhaps he was feeling a little guilty for watching a strange man? This man had never met Will, they didn't know one another. He was just trying to enjoy a day in the sun, in his *private* garden. What Will had done was a truly dirty thing. He didn't deserve to feast his eyes on that gorgeous man ever again.

Yet, Will found himself in the forest that following Wednesday afternoon. Nervously, Will toyed with the hem of his clothes as he walked through the thickets once again. What if the man *had* seen him? What if he was waiting for Will to return? To punish him for his perverted behaviour? The boy's worries soon disappeared when he saw *no* stranger waiting for him.

He found the hole once again, kneeling in the grass to peer through the small gap in the shrubbery. Will's happy face formed a pout. No one was there. Where had the man gone? This was no fun if the man wasn't there for Will to watch. He sighed, chewing his lip as he waited for the stranger to emerge from his home.

"Please..." he whispered almost desperately. Will had missed the man so, so much in the last few days. He *needed* to see him. Will sat there for an hour, picking at flowers and grass as he

waited. How could the man stay inside on such a beautiful day? The sun was hung high in the sky, clouds far and few between. Being inside seemed like such a waste.

"Who are you waiting for?" A deep, accented voice broke Will away from his thoughts. The boy gasped, turning around so fast he was sure he had whiplash. Will swallowed, lip wobbling as his bright, confused eyes met a dark set. *The man had returned.* The stranger carried shopping bags in his arms, clearly having gone out. Finding a sweet boy certainly wasn't on his to-do list for that day...

"I-" Will scrambled to his feet, the stranger towering over him still. "I'm so sorry, sir. I just...I just..."

"Wanted to watch me in my garden, again?" The older man raised a brow, his voice teasing and low. The boy before him looked so sweet, cheeks tinted a bright red, eyes flicking between the floor and the sky. "I could see you peeking through my rose bushes, boy."

"I'm so sorry!" He squeaked, cheeks burning, blush dripping down to flush his neck and chest. Will started walking away, hanging his head down, before the stranger grabbed his wrist. The grip was firm, but not painful, forcing Will to stop in his tracks. He looked back at the stranger, swallowing. *What was going on?*

"Why don't you come inside and tell me your name. We can discuss your terrible behaviour inside." The man continued to tease, ushering Will towards the entrance to his home. This man's home looked even more magnificent close up. It was old and classic, but modern and stylish at the same time.

Will removed his shoes once they were inside, following the stranger like a lost puppy. His face was still flushed pink, truly horrified he had been caught both occasions. "My name is...Will." he finally spoke, southern drawl soft and sweet as he looked at the man through his cow lashes. "I'm so sorry...I really am."

The man poured two glasses of fresh lemonade, smiling a little when the boy spoke. He could *smell* just how embarrassed Will was, but there was something else invading his nostrils. "You may call me Hannibal, Will. Follow me outside, will you?" The boy nodded, taking the cold glass from Hannibal before doing as asked.

"Are you mad?" Will asked, sipping on the sweet drink. Up close, Hannibal was just as handsome. He could see every wonderful feature he had, the tightness of his shirt when he moved his arms, muscles almost aching to burst out. Will wanted to see him naked again, arousal flooding south at the thought. *No, no, he couldn't get wet now.* The boy swallowed, taking a seat in the sun.

"I'm furious, Will. Watching me when I'm relaxing in my own home? Not only that, but masturbating publicly to me...What a perverted boy you are." Hannibal purred, taking a seat himself. He set his glass down before leaning forward. "Do you think you deserve to be punished?"

"Y-Yes, sir. I deserve it." He replied quietly, nodding almost enthusiastically. *God.* The way Hannibal spoke to him, like he was truly dirty, only made the feeling growing inside of him more intense. He could feel himself getting wet, slick threatening to drip down his milky thighs.

Hannibal gestured for Will to come closer, moving two digits slowly. Will couldn't help but imagine how good those deft fingers would feel inside his wet cunt, pushing in deep. He blinked dumbly before reacting, moving to lay on the man's lap like requested. Will lay on his stomach, presenting his pale ass to the man. "Good boy. I didn't even need to ask, and here you are...presenting for me. Do you do this with every man you spy on?"

"No...No sir." He swallowed, shaking his head. "I don't do this to people...I-I'm so sorry. I-" Will stopped talking when Hannibal lifted up his skirt, laughing.

"No underwear?" He purred lowly, large hand squeezing the soft flesh, watching it spill between his fingers. Will's ass was so beautiful blank, ready for bruises and bites. "Filthy...Wet thing." Without wasting anymore time, Hannibal delivered a hard *smack* to the boy's ass, followed by three more.

Will cried out, ass jolting upwards in response. A majority of Hannibal's spanks landed on Will's cunt also, only arousing him further. By now, the boy's thighs were wet, cunt throbbing and winking needily. He *needed* something inside of him. Will's little cries turned into loud moans as Hannibal delivered his tenth spank, fingers ghosting the boy's cunt with each one.

"You're leaking all over my trousers, young man. Do you know how expensive these trousers were?" As Hannibal's hand met the boy's ass again he grabbed at the flesh, digging his nails in until they bit at the sensitive flesh. Will mewled, shaking his head in response to the question. He didn't know how much the man's trousers cost. He didn't even know how much his own clothes cost. Will couldn't even think about it, too focused on the fingers sliding inside of him.

"Answer me, Will. It's incredibly rude to leave someone talking to themselves." He chided, slowly moving his fingers in and out of the whimpering boy's cunt. It felt wonderfully warm and wet, gripping him, sucking his fingers in needily.

"N-No! No, sir! I don't...." Will finally cried out, looking over at the older man. *Poor thing.* The boy's pink cheeks were stained with tears, wetting his cow lashes beautifully. There's truly nothing more beautiful than a crying babe. Hannibal reached out, cupping the boy's face, thumb brushing over his slightly swollen lips. He took a moment to admire just how red and sweet the young man's nose looked due to all the tears. *It suited him.*

"Relax for me, Darling boy." Hannibal cooed, brushing curls from Will's gorgeous face. He continued to finger him, watching in awe as Will's plush cunt drooled slick, creating obscenely wet noises. "Look at that...so wet for me, dear. Were you this wet when you came in front of my rose bushes?" Teased the older man as he picked up the pace of his fingers, adding a third one. Hannibal purred at the sound it drew from Will, loud and sweet moans flooding his private garden like a pornographic symphony. *He couldn't wait to be inside the young man.*

After not too long, Will began to squirm. He huffed, letting out a pleased and frustrated yell. "I-I'm close! Hannibal...please?!" Will cried, pushing back on Hannibal's fingers unashamedly, panting and whimpering like a bitch in heat. He *needed* to come. No one had ever made him feel so good from a simple set of fingers. "N-Need...Need to come so bad."

Perhaps if Hannibal were a nicer man, and he wasn't punishing the boy, he would've let Will come. However, Hannibal couldn't ignore his wicked streak. Quickly, he pulled his fingers out, watching as Will clenched around nothing, desperate to be full all over again.

"I think it's best for you to go home, Will. I have dinner to attend to." He patted the boy's ass before shifting him from his lap, standing up. "I'm sure I'll see you through the hedges again."

Will felt his heart sink and stomach knot, getting to his feet with a sad look on his face. Was Hannibal *really* going to leave him high and dry like this? "Yeah...okay." he almost grumbled, fixing his skirt before heading back through the house, avoiding the older man. Will sighed, looking back at the large house, whispering an almost silent "goodbye."

Chapter Two.

Chapter Notes

Again, this isn't proof read! I apologise for any spelling or grammar mistakes ♡

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You're soaked." Hannibal observed, looking at the dripping boy on his door step. The weather since Will's last visit had changed drastically; clouds covered the grey sky, blocking any stream of sunlight from blessing their small forest.

Since his *punishment* from the older man, Will had considered going back, but couldn't bring himself to it. After almost a week, the young man plucked up enough courage to return and visit all over again. "I know. It's raining, Hannibal." He chuckled, looking up as rain beat down heavily onto his skin.

The older man sighed, shaking his head. *Sweet thing*. Will's clothes were stuck to his skin from the rain, curls almost glued to his blushing face and neck. Everything in him wanted to pull Will into his home, bathe him, dress him and feed him a warm meal. *He wanted to care for Will*. "Come in, Will. You must be freezing."

"Y-Yeah... It's *so* cold out here..." he chuckled breathily, pulling off his wet coat as he stepped inside. Hannibal took the boy's coat, hanging it up before ushering Will upstairs.

"Let's warm you up, okay? What made you go outside in this weather, young man?" Chided Hannibal, opening the bathroom door. He turned on the bath taps, adding bubbles into the claw-foot tub. With the water running, Hannibal turned to undress Will, helping the young man out of his soaked clothes, peeling them from his cold skin.

"I..." Will blushed, lifting his arms up so Hannibal could remove his shirt. "I wanted to come and see you...I suppose I've missed you." He confessed with a little sigh, holding himself tightly, shivering. Will climbed into the large tub, allowing the warm, soapy water to envelop him. It felt *good*. His whole body warmed back up within an instant, sending pleasant shivers up his spine all the way to the tips of his fingers and toes.

Hannibal's face lit up at the confession. Truthfully, Hannibal had missed Will all the same. "You couldn't wait for the rain to pass, dear?" He chuckled, picking up a porcelain jug, filling it with water to wash the young boy's hair. The boy blushed, closing his eyes before water trickled down his face.

"I was worried the rain would last for days. I couldn't wait. I felt bad about ruining your pants and...and peeping through your hedges." Will babbled, chewing his worrying lip. He'd felt bad about it for days on end, pacing his humble home, planning out what he'd say to the kind man. Will was going to wait longer, but he had missed the man so much...he just couldn't wait.

"You didn't *ruin* them, silly boy. I got them dry cleaned and now they're perfect." Hannibal chuckled, lathering up the boy's wet curls. "However...I'm missing *your* scent on them. You smell beautiful." The man continued as he washed the sweet smelling soap from those luscious curls. "I've missed you too."

Will's breath hitched when Hannibal's hands found their way to his shoulders, massaging lightly. Everything about Hannibal felt *good*; his voice, hands, mouth. God...especially his mouth. Will couldn't help the soft moans that fell from his lips as Hannibal pressed kisses to his neck and shoulders.

"Come on. Stand up for me, Will." Hannibal cooed, holding out a warm towel. He scooped the young man up before carrying him off to the safety and warmth of his bedroom. "Would you like to borrow something of mine?"

"Please?..." the young man couldn't help but blush, watching Hannibal with bright, curious eyes. The older man's bedroom was just as Will had imagined it - dark, romantic and incredibly expensive looking. Different shades of greens and reds decorated the large room, pillows and soft blankets littered the bed wonderfully. Will didn't want to leave.

"Here." Hannibal's deep, accented voice pulled Will from his domestic thoughts, bringing him back to the moment. The older man passed over a red sweater and underwear, smiling. "They might be a little big on you, dear. Get dressed and I'll make you something to eat." He hummed, pressing a soft kiss to the crown of his head before leaving.

Once he was dressed, in clothes far too big for him, Will padded downstairs. The smell hit him almost instantly; rich, warm and...utterly mouth watering. Had Hannibal cooked up a whole meal in less than half an hour? All for Will? He pulled at the sleeve of his sweater, shyly making his way to the older man.

"You're dressed," Hannibal smiled. It filled him with a certain warmth to see Will in *his* clothes. The boy looked beyond beautiful, bundled up in red wool and slightly baggy underwear. "I made you some soup to warm up, I have bread too - made it yesterday."

"Thank you... I love soup." He chuckled, brushing damp curls from his face.

"Follow me. I'll let you eat on the sofa, which is something I never allow." He picked up the dinner tray and led Will to his lounge. Will took a seat, covering his legs with a blanket to keep himself warm, taking the tray off Hannibal. It smelt delicious - looked even better. Hannibal was much nicer than Will had thought. He could've turned Will away, told him to go home and forget about their afternoon together, but...he didn't.

Will hummed happily around the spoon, leaning against the older man. "It's yummy. Do you like cooking?" Questioned the young man as he tore apart the bread, looking at the man through his lashes.

"I do. I try to host dinner parties often, you should come to my next one." The blush that invaded Will's face at that invitation was truly bewitching. The way his eyes lit up like Hannibal had invited him to the most prestigious event to exist, only made the older man swoon. Will was perfection in the simplest sense.

"Me?" He blinked, feeding himself another mouthful of soup, wishing the bowl was bottomless. "Hannibal... I doubt I'm anything like your friends or colleagues. I think I'd just embarrass you..."

Hannibal raised his brows, smiling fondly at the boy. "Embarrass me? Will... you'd do no such thing, it would be an honour to have you at my table." He cooed, setting the empty

dinner tray on the coffee table. Hannibal cupped the boy's face, thumb brushing over his flushed cheek as he leant in for a kiss. Will tasted like herbs and butter, lips soft against Hannibal's as they kissed tenderly, sighing into one another's mouth. "Why do you say that?" Hannibal questioned once he finally pulled away.

"Do you *really* want some random southern man at your table? I bet all your guests are twice my age," he laughed, gently brushing their noses together, crawling into Hannibal's lap. "Plus, I don't even have a suit." He mused, shaking his head at the idea.

"Who said anything about suits? You're welcome to wear a dress, dear boy." The weight in his lap was marvellous, a feeling Hannibal was sure he'd forgotten. He held the boy's hips, rubbing his thumb in circles against his soft skin. "Please? This weekend...I'd love for you to be there, Will."

Will wrapped his arms around the man's neck, gazing into his dark eyes. Everything about Hannibal was perfect, handsome even in casual clothes. "Thank you, Hannibal." He whispered, pressing another sweet kiss to his lips.

"Will?" Hannibal hummed, curiosity in his voice.

"Yes?"

"Do your parents not worry where you are? You've been here for a few hours now." He chuckled, carding his fingers through those chocolate curls he was growing to love. Hannibal's curious look and smile faded when Will's own expression dropped. The boy looked *sad* all of a sudden. Hurt by the question and memories that flooded his mind.

Will cleared his throat, lashes wet with tears. "Uh..." he started, voice wobbling. "My parents were murdered by...some serial killer...I don't know." Tears streaked down Will's face as he recounted the memory, sniffing a little. "You must've seen it in the news, or in Tattle Crime. It was plastered all over that stupid website...The Graham's."

The older man's throat ran dry, closing up at the confession. He'd clearly overstepped and upset Will, instantly regretting his curiosity as the boy's cries turned to sobs. Will buried his

face in the man's neck, hiding in the warm sanctuary that was Hannibal. "Th-They were *good* people." Sobbed Will, body trembling as Hannibal wrapped him in a tight embrace. "They n-never caught the fucker and...and I don't know if they ever will."

"Hush, dear boy...it's okay," he cooed, pressing soft kisses to the crown of Will's curls, nosing at them. "I'm *so* sorry, Will. I know sympathy cannot bring them back or take away your pain...but just know that I understand you."

"You do?" He sniffled, looking up at the man through tears.

Hannibal softened, brushing those jot tears away. "Yes. I do. My parents and sister were killed a long time ago...way before you could even crawl. They died horribly and every day I wish for them to be here, with me. However, I know...I know they're somewhere safe." He smiled gently. Hannibal wasn't quite sure where they were, but he knew Mischa was always with him...one way or another. Even after all these years.

The bundle of sadness in Hannibal's arms only cried harder at the confession, burying his face back where it belonged. Will felt awful about Hannibal's past, wishing neither of them had to endure such a thing. It was wicked, having your family taken away from you. Completely out of your control. His parents were good people, hard workers - even his alcoholic father had good days. "I-Im sorry...I didn't mean to ruin our time together."

"Don't be silly, Will. Stay the night with me, I don't want you walking back... Not in the rain or dark." Hannibal insisted, pressing kisses to the boy's damp cheeks. Will could only nod, allowing himself to be carried upstairs by the older man.

He'd clear up dinner later.

Will spent the next few days with Hannibal, sleeping in his bed, eating at his table. The older man enjoyed the company, not realising how lonely and quiet things had been. Hannibal had been alone for so long, he had forgotten what it felt like to...be with someone. The young man filled his home with joy and light, he didn't know if he ever wanted Will to leave.

"I should probably go home soon," Will hummed, leaning against the man's chest as they absentmindedly watched a film. "I need to pick up a dress for this evening, don't I?" Most of their mornings had been spent that way, curled up on the sofa as a movie played out, kissing and touching lazily. Will often left to explore whilst Hannibal was at work, missing him greatly during their few hours apart.

"Mmh..." the older man sighed, burying his nose in the boy's curls. "Don't worry about that. I think I've got just the thing for you."

"Hannibal?..." the young man huffed, turning his head to smile at him. "You really didn't have to buy me anything! You're too much," he chuckled shyly.

Hannibal was truly enamoured with Will, adoring every shy look and hearty chuckle. "No, I didn't *have* to. I *wanted* to. I couldn't help but buy it when I saw it." He mused, pressing affectionate kisses to the boy's face between words. "I knew you'd look beautiful in it, I couldn't resist."

Will got up from his position on the sofa, reluctant to leave the warmth, but eager to see his gift. "Show me?"

"Of course." Hannibal quipped, leading Will to his bedroom. The older man wasn't one for spending all day on the sofa, but he'd do anything to spend more time with Will. "Here we are!" He produced a garment bag, placing it on the bed for it to be unzipped. Will beamed, reaching out to touch the black silk with his fingers. It was much different from his usual floral dresses - simple, dark and sleek. "I thought the cowl neck would look gorgeous on you...There's something else, but I shall save that for later."

"It's beautiful, Hannibal. I really like it, thank you." Despite its simple look, it was clear to Will the dress was expensive - probably costing more than his whole wardrobe put together. Will smiled, turning to give the man a soft kiss, leaning up to reach him.

He chuckled, cupping Will's face, staring into those bright pools with unmatched affection. "Your shoes are on the dresser. Why don't you have a bath and get ready? I need to start on the food." The young man gave a nod, smiling excitedly as he padded off to the bathroom.

The dress reached his ankles, almost covering his feet in black silk. Will thanked Hannibal for choosing a loose, flowing dress - he wasn't too fond of tight fitting clothes. He felt elegant, like he belonged in Hannibal's large home, blending into his extravagant lifestyle almost seamlessly.

"I was right." Purred the older man, leaning in the doorway as he watched Will with a hungry gaze. Dinner was prepared and mostly cooked now, all Hannibal had to do was get ready. Will blushed, fluttering his cow lashes at the man.

"Oh...thank you." He cooed, southern drawl soft and sweet. Something about Hannibal's voice sent shivers up his spine, heat travelling down south to his groin.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around the young man, resting his chin on Will's shoulder. "You look delicious, dear boy. I might have to have a light...snack before our guests arrive." He continued, brushing the curls from Will's neck to gain access, kissing and nipping at the warm skin. Will whimpered, letting out a soft moan in response.

"H-Hannibal..." Will whined, squirming a little as he placed his hands on the vanity table, bracing himself. "I just got clean...y-your guests will be here soon."

"I don't care," Hannibal growled, slowly hiking up the bottom of Will's dress. "No underwear, again? Filthy little thing." He chuckled deeply, hand roaming to touch the young man's cunt.

"P-Please..."

"Of course, darling." The man pressed one last kiss to his neck before getting onto his knees. He used his hand to gently bend Will over the vanity, motioning for the boy to hold his dress up himself. Will obeyed, gripping the silky fabric until his knuckles turned white as Hannibal placed kisses on his ass.

Hannibal purred, using his large hands to part the young man's ass cheeks, kissing the puckered flesh. Will mewled, hips bucking in shock at the sudden feeling. He wasn't used to being touched by anyone else *there*. After a few, teasing licks, Hannibal introduced his fingers. He slipped a finger into the young man's cunt, licking and kissing his ass feverishly, working open Will's hole with his tongue.

"M-More...Please, Hannibal!" The boy pleaded, panting softly. Tart sweetness ran down his legs as Hannibal slid another finger into his wet cunt, pulling loud noises from his darling boy. Hannibal let out a muffled chuckle, teasing Will's ass with a spit-covered finger.

"Hush, baby." Hannibal huffed, gently breaching the puckered flesh. "It's okay...relax for me. Let me make you come." He soothed, playfully nipping at the supple, pale skin. Will could only nod, too far gone in the pleasure to be able to talk properly, simply moaning and whining loudly. He pushed back onto Hannibal's fingers, desperate to feel them deeper inside himself.

Will could only hold on a few extra minutes, unable to handle the multiple points of stimulation Hannibal was so graciously giving him. "G-Gonna... *oh god!* Gonna come, Hannibal...ple- *fuck!*" He cried, legs trembling as pleasure took over his body, pushing him over the edge. With another loud scream, Will squirted onto Hannibal's fingers, desperately gripping at whatever he could to stay on his feet. " *Oh god, oh god, oh god...* "

The older man got to his feet, smoothing out the suit he had put on earlier. "Mmh, I think that will tie me over until dinner, my dear." Hannibal licked his fingers clean, pressing a chaste kiss to Will's jaw. Will opened his mouth to reply, cut off by the sudden ring of the doorbell. "Ah! Looks like our guests have arrived."

"I'll see you downstairs then..." Will pouted, grabbing a wipe to clean himself up. Part of him didn't want anyone to come into their space, to take Hannibal away from him- even if it were only for a few hours. Will fixed his dress, slipping into his black heels before making his way to join Hannibal and his guests.

Will swallowed, almost instantly regretting accepting Hannibal's invitation. The man's home looked very different, filled with multiple people, dressed to the nines in elegant, expensive

clothing. Even in his own outfit, the boy felt as though he stuck out like a sore thumb. He smiled, making his way over to Hannibal and a group of guests.

"Ah! We were just talking about you, darling." Hannibal had a proud, happy look on his face as he placed his hand on Will's back, ushering him forward. "This is my Will. The young man I've told you all about."

An older woman smiled, placing her hand on Will's arm, squeezing gently. "It's lovely to meet you, Will. What a wonderful glow you have...you look dashing." She cooed, chuckling as Will's face lit up with a sweet blush. Will *swore* he had blotted his face and fixed his hair before coming down. Could she tell what had happened just a few moments ago?

"Why thank you," he laughed coyly, taking the extended hands offered to him, shaking lightly. All of Hannibal's friends and colleagues seemed nice. Easy to get along with. The nerves that had gnawed at his stomach a few moments ago seemed to...disappear as he sipped on his glass of champagne.

Dinner went much better than Will had thought. Conversation was easy and Hannibal's cooking was as delicious as ever, filling him with warmth. The alcohol helped too, easing Will into things with much more confidence than he would usually have. Losing his parents had knocked almost all the confidence and drive out of Will, leaving him lonely and shy for a long time.

"Thank you for coming!" Will waved, hung on Hannibal's arm as they waved off the guests.

"Have a lovely evening!" Hannibal added, ensuring his guests left safely, ensuring they got into their cars without any trouble. He'd enjoyed the night. Seeing Will mingle with his friends filled Hannibal with a wonderful feeling. It had been *so* long since he'd introduced a lover to the people in his social circle, not wanting them to ask questions if their relationship came to an end. But, something about Will let Hannibal know he wouldn't have to worry about such a thing.

Once the door was closed and Hannibal had cleaned up, the pair made their way into the living room. "Thank you, Will. I'm overjoyed that you came, my friends enjoyed your company. I could tell." He chuckled, picking up some glasses from the small bar in the lounge.

"I actually had fun," Will laughed, taking the small whisky glass from the man. "I admit...I was really nervous. I could've sworn Elizabeth *knew* what had happened before they arrived." He blushed, sitting down in one of the armchairs. Now, all Will wanted to do was relax with his lover and enjoy the rest of the evening together. The sun had set and the stars had been hung in the sky, raining lightly.

Hannibal smiled fondly, opening a glass cabinet to fetch them a bottle of whisky. Sometimes, Hannibal enjoyed a strong beverage. He picked up the only bottle, sauntering back over to Will, pressing a kiss on his forehead before pouring a finger or two. Will took a sip, throat burning as the golden liquid ran down his throat.

The young man kissed Hannibal's cheek, mumbling a soft 'thank you' for his drink. Will watched as Hannibal placed the bottle back down, admiring the golden liquid as it sloshed around in its glass container. He blinked, taking another sip as he read over the label once again.

Kentucky - straight bourbon whisky.

Will could've sworn the bottle looked familiar. He gripped his glass tighter, leaning forward to inspect the glass. His heart stopped, blood running cold in his veins as the realisation set in. Pain and upset attacked Will like a murder of crows, plucking, picking at his brain and heart violently. The bottle was *exactly* the same as the one his father owned. He remembered how much the man had loved that bottle. He'd kept it on the highest shelf, only opening it on incredibly special occasions.

He even remembered how upset his father had been when the label had ripped, tearing away at the bottom of the logo. His father had saved up for months, only to disappoint himself by ruining his hard work.

It was sad to say, but that bottle meant everything to Franklin Graham. It hadn't slipped Will's mind when he noticed the bottle had gone missing. He'd always chalked it up to his father

breaking it, or Will simply forgetting He'd thrown it out himself. But...But now, Will wasn't so sure.

"Hannibal?" Will looked over at the other man, eyes clouded with tears and confusion.

"Yes, my dear?" The older man raised a brow, face instantly softening when he noticed how upset the boy appeared. What had happened in the last few minutes?

Swallowing, Will got to his feet, putting distance between the two. "Where did you get that bottle?" His brows knitted together, bottom lip worrying as his mind swirled with endless possibilities. Had Hannibal been given it? Found it? Or did he just happen to have something similar?

"It was a gift from an old friend." Hannibal got to his feet, extending his arm to rub the boy's shoulder. "Is everything okay, darling?"

"It isn't, is it? You're *lying!*" Will huffed, stepping away from the man, fingers twirling the necklace hung around his neck. The grip on his glass was almost enough to break it, hands trembling as Hannibal Continued to stop closer.

"Will. I *promise* I am not lying to you about anything." He chuckled, voice suddenly unsure. Hannibal scolded himself mentally, usually he had amazing control of his voice and expressions. Suddenly, the glass clattered to the floor and smashed, liquid wetting the floor and Will's feet.

He shook his head, hands up in a defensive position. "I-I can't...I can't believe it. I can't believe you!" Will yelled, finger pointed in the man's face. "You lied! Even after I told you...o-opened up to you!"

"Will," Hannibal placed both hands on Will's shoulders, squeezing in attempts to ground him. "I have *no* idea what you're talking abo-" he was suddenly cut off by a hand connecting with his cheek. Hannibal recoiled, shocked by the outburst. Nothing about Will seemed particularly harsh, violence wasn't something he thought Will was entirely capable of.

"No." The boy shook his head, walking quickly to the front door, looking over his shoulder almost anxiously. Will wanted nothing more than to leave. To run away or go back in time before he knew this. Before the image of Hannibal was tarnished forever.

Hannibal ran after the boy, calling his name. He couldn't let Will leave, not now. He wanted to, *need to* , explain himself to Will.

Things couldn't end this way...

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger!

What do you think will happen next?

Chapter Three.

Chapter Notes

Again! This isn't proof read :)

Will took off his heels, holding them in his hand as he ran through the forest. His curls bounced, tears streaming down his face, fist clutching his dress as he ran impossibly fast. Will looked behind his shoulder, letting out a loud sob when he saw Hannibal racing after him.

The forest became a blur, colours blending together, disorienting the young man. Was he going the right way? How close was Hannibal? Will was so lost in all his worries, he didn't feel the thorns slicing his skin as he ran through snickers, unable to lose Hannibal.

Hannibal was hunting him.

The man's predatory gaze burnt into Will's memory, sticking when Will closed his eyes. His house was so close, yet so far. " *Fuck...Fuck...*" the boy panted, slamming into his front door as he scrambled for the keys, dropping them in the process. Will sobbed, gagging on his tears as he opened the front door, locking it behind him.

"Will!" Hannibal yelled, knocking at his door with heavy fists. "Will! I-I...I can explain, please?!"

The young man fell to the floor, hugging his knees as he tried to hide away from the man's voice. "Explain how you killed my papa...and mama?" He screamed, voice uneven and hurt. "You orphaned me, H-Hannibal!"

Hearing Will sob and scream broke Hannibal, heart shattering into a thousand pieces. *He deserved this.* Killing wasn't a victimless crime, Hannibal simply never expected to meet a victim's loved one. Why did it have to be Will...? "I know...and I'm so sorry for that, Will...I'm so, so sorry." Hannibal cried, resting his head against the door. "I didn't know they had a child. I.."

"Shut up!" Will screamed again, slamming his fist against the wall until his knuckles were hot with blood. "You are a *monster*, Hannibal!" The older man's breath hitched, catching in his throat, threatening to choke him. Hearing that, from Will, *hurt*.

"Please...just give me a chance, Will." He croaked, hand on the door, ear pressed against it. "Give me a chance and I'll make t-this all up to you."

The young man scoffed, sniffing. "Are...Are you fucking kidding me? You killed my parents...and you think you can j-just *make it up!*?" Will stood, swallowing his fear. He opened the front door, looking down at the man cowering on the ground. Here, now, Hannibal looked fragile...weak. Will couldn't even imagine Hannibal killing anyone when he looked like that. "Not only did you kill him...but you took his shit too. Did you steal my mother's jewelry? Sell it?"

Hannibal swallowed, shakily getting to his feet with a whimper. The look on his face was all that Will needed. *He had done exactly that.* It was rare for Hannibal to take things from his victims, never driven by greed or rage - he was simply ridding the world of the rude and vicious. Never once did he think it would bite him in the ass so horrifically.

"Huh?" Will pushed the man, watching him stumble back into the rain. "I'm fucking speaking to you! Answer!" The young man demanded, spitting venom as he yelled at the man. He wasn't going to take silence.

"Y-Yes..." Hannibal replied meekly, looking at the ground. "I did. I-I don't know...what I was doing, Will." He sniffled, unable to meet his lover's eyes. It had been so blissful up until that evening. It felt as though someone had shrunk him down to the size of an ant, now threatening to squash him under their shoe. Hannibal had heard people talk about his crimes before, using bitter words, calling him everything under the sun...but Will? He'd never expected something to hurt so bad.

Within a flash, Will's forehead met Hannibal's nose and a loud *thwack* rang out around them. Blood poured from the older man's nose, into his mouth and down his chin. It didn't taste rich and warm, like the meals he had prepared before. This...This tasted bitter and unbecoming, pulling a gag from Hannibal as he stumbled back. He didn't need to touch it to know it was broken. Hannibal took the following blows, unwilling to fight back and sour the festering mess further.

"You ruined my life!" Will screamed, slamming Hannibal against a tree, ramming his knee into the monster's stomach. "You took my parents!" Another hit. "My home!" Another. "My happiness!" Will finally gave in, doubling over in a fit of heart wrenching sobs. All the fight that was in him...was gone. Seeing Hannibal bleed, hearing him cry and beg for forgiveness didn't make him feel better - it couldn't.

"Will..." Hannibal sniffled, wiping away the blood from his mouth. Shakily, he got to his feet again, using the tree for support. Even now - knuckles raw, hair matted to his face from the rain, dress ripped and wet - Will looked *beautiful*. There was nothing that boy could do that would turn Hannibal away.

"Don't. Don't try and make me forgive you! You...You don't understand how it feels!" But Hannibal *did*. He understood what it felt like to have those you love ripped away from you...but this wasn't the time to tell a story. Will didn't want to hear it. Hannibal blinked away tears, taking uneven steps over to the crying boy.

"All you have to do, Will...is tell me." He whispered, watching with large eyes as Will rose back to his feet. "Tell me to leave you alone, never contact you again...and I'll do just that. You'll never hear from me again, unless you want to." He finished with a sad smile.

Will looked up at the man through wet lashes, brows furrowed tightly. He wrapped his hand around the necklace Hannibal had given him, pulling it off in one smooth motion. "Leave me alone, Hannibal...I-I don't want to see you here ever again." Will muttered as he threw the silver at Hannibal's feet, watching as the man scrambled to pick it back up.

Hannibal sobbed softly as the door closed, unable to see Will anymore. He stayed there for a while, simply watching the house as he regained his strength. No longer did Hannibal feel like a god amongst men. He felt as though, sitting in the sky, God was making a mockery

of him. Deflated and heartbroken, Hannibal returned to his home. He locked the doors and covered up all the windows, blocking out any light that dared to shine.

After attending to his wounds, Hannibal crawled into his bed. He clutched onto Will's pillow, face buried in the sweet-smelling fabric as he sobbed. It had been a long time since his home was filled with such wretched noises, every room echoing Hannibal's regret and sadness.

For the first year, Hannibal returned to Will's property when he knew the young man wouldn't be home. He peered through windows, daring to go inside once or twice. Anything to feel close to the man once more.

His home remained locked and boarded up. It was no longer a lively home, where people came for parties or to simply chatter with the esteemed Doctor. It became a house of misery, hallways dark and mood unforgiving. Hannibal didn't deserve to see the beauty that lay outside the walls of his home.

Solitude became Hannibal's friend once more. He stopped having guests, calling, writing, eventually no words left his mouth. What good would it do? If he couldn't speak to his love, what was the point in speaking to anyone else?

Hannibal was the shell of the man he once was.

Will wasn't blind to Hannibal's visits. It was hard to forget such a scent. Part of him *knew* he should punish Hannibal for breaking his promise. Another part fought against it, deep down he enjoyed the knowledge that Hannibal still cared. Will knew how much his words had hurt the man, the look on Hannibal's face was there every time Will closed his eyes.

He never moved, even when Will started making money. After three years, he could afford to move out...but never found himself able to do so. The little cottage and the woods surrounding had become his home.

It took Will years to forgive the knowledge he'd gained that evening. He spent nights lying awake, talking to himself about it. He imagined his parents with him, discussing and forgiving like all *good* families do. Will knew deep down that Hannibal was sorry for what he had done, for the mistakes he had made all those years ago. If his parents had forgiven the man, why couldn't he? In those years away from Hannibal, Will had kept a close eye on the news, watching and waiting for *The Chesapeake Ripper* to commit another crime. However, it seemed the beast had gone dormant.

He was ready to forgive. After almost seven years, Will was ready to forgive the man and welcome him back into his heart.

Will practically ran through the forest, yelling out apologies to animals he disturbed along the way, tripping and thimbling through snickets. His heart almost stopped when Hannibal's home came into view. The hedges had grown unruly, no longer trimmed into shape. Each and every window was covered with paper or wood, blocking out even a sliver of sunshine. Will swallowed, fingers trembling as he reached for the rusted knocker. Why had Hannibal let his beautiful home get in such a state?

"Hannibal!" Will called, closing the large wooden door behind him. Shivers bolted up Will's spine, forcing him to himself as he walked through the cold rooms. "Hannibal! It's Will...I want to talk!"

Nothing.

"Hannibal! I forgive you!" The words came out broken, a soft croak as tears welled in his eyes, creating a lump in his throat. A thick layer of dust covered the livingroom furniture, a familiar bottle of whiskey emptied on the floor. It looked as if no one had been in the home for years.

"Please, come out! I'm not gonna hurt you, Hannibal!" Will yelled again, running up the spiral staircase in hopes he'd find the man. "Come out! Come out, please!" Tears finally streaked down his cheeks as he began to sob, crying out for the older man to simply show

himself. He refused to accept the possibility of what could've happened to Hannibal. It just wasn't true. It couldn't be true. He couldn't have chosen to forgive the man too late...could he?

Will froze, a soft creaking sound stilling his sobs. "H-Hannibal?" He whispered, pushing open the bedroom door with his foot. Could it be? "Hannibal...it's W-Will.."

"Will?" A weak voice sounded from the bathroom, freezing Will's blood instantly. It sounded *like* Hannibal. Almost as if someone was mimicking the man, someone weak and afraid.

"Hannibal?!"

The bathroom door flung open and Will almost collapsed. Stood, hanging himself with tears down his face, was Hannibal. The man looked beyond awful. He was slim, cheek bones sharp, eyes deep. This man was simply a ghastly figure of Hannibal Lecter.

"Oh...Hannibal..." Will sobbed, covering his mouth with his hand as he rushed over to the man.

What had he done? He had waited far too long.

"Is this...real?" Croaked the older man, voice hoarse and uneven from years of silence, wrapping his arms tightly around the young man. Will melted like heaven, warm and soft in his arms. The pillow had long lost Will's scent, but Hannibal never got rid of it, never changing the cover.

"It's real..." he whispered, clutching onto the thin jumper Hannibal wore. "Oh...Hannibal. I'm so sorry for taking so long to return... Why did you do this to yourself?" Hannibal didn't reply, unable to speak through his sobs.

Will was back in his arms, back in his house with forgiveness on his sleeve. The colour in his life had returned.

"Let me take you home...get you something to eat." Will cooed, guiding Hannibal back downstairs.

As they held one another, walking down the large staircase, a stream of sunlight broke through one of the windows. It bathed them in golden light, warming both men to the core. It would take a while, but together, things would get better. Hannibal and Will could heal together, help one another return to the former glory they once shared.

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